
The
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AND
Q. ELIZABETH
A Novell.


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THE Secret HISTORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED Q. Elizabeth AND THE E. of Essex.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE:

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THE Earl of *ESSEX*, OR, THE AMOURS OF Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The First Part.

THE People had seen *Essex* in Extraordinary Favour with the Queen; and were therefore the more Surpriz'd at his Fall. She had raiz'd him to the highest Dignities of her

Kingdom; and he continued then General of her Army in *Ireland*, against the Earl of *Tyrone*, who had rais'd a Rebellion there. His endeavours to divert this *Misfortune* were Vain; and after an obstinate Resistance, he was brought up to *London*, and confin'd to his House.

The Services he had done the State by his Valour, were very considerable; but the Favours the Queen's peculiar Goodness had heaped on him, proceeded from a far more secret Cause, and more pressing Motives. Had the Earl of *Essex* never Signaliz'd himself by the Glory of his Actions, the Kindness she had for him, would have made her distinguish him from the rest of her Subjects; and 'tis certain her Affection had made him her Favourite, before he could pretend to it in the least by his Services. She was highly renown'd among the Women of her time, for Courage and Strength of Mind; yet so

weak to be Proof against the Impressions of Love. She had a passionate Tenderness for the unfortunate Criminal, which was his Advocate, and defended him from the Severity of Justice; and was so far from taking pleasure of publick Revenge of him, that She abhorred in her Heart those cruel Maxims that cross'd her Inclinations.

She kept her Bed to prevent the least publick Discovery of a Trouble it was not in her Power to conceal; and admitting of no Company but the Countess of *Nottingham* (her intimate Confident) She gave vent to her Tears, and freely lamented the Misfortune that threatned the Repose of her Life.

The Countess had a little suspected the Queen's Inclination; and thought herself oblig'd by powerful Reasons to find out the Mystery. But this being a tender Point, and having to deal with a *Princess* naturally of a very high *Spirit*, the Coun-

tess was Silent. But the Queen's Grief was too violent to continue long Mute; her Sighs confirm'd the Suspicions of the *Countess*, and her Repeating in her Trouble, the Earl of *Essex*'s Name, convinc'd the Countess of the Truth of what till then she had but slightly fancied.

The *Countess* had that *Command* of herself, she easily conceal'd her Concern in the Adventure; and appearing only sensible of the Trouble of the Queen, she us'd all the Art she had, to comfort Her; and fail'd not to put her in Mind, how serviceable on that Occasion Her Vertue might be to her, which had already made her the Wonder of the World.

Ah, Madam! (says the Queen, interrupting her) *You do not yet know me. The Force I have long put upon myself, hath made you think with the rest of the World, that the* Height of my Spirit hath Raised

lift above the Infirmities of Nature; and the Greatness of my Thoughts secur'd me from the Troubles of Life; but alas! poor Elizabeth is a Slave to her Weakness; and, hath all this while but sacrificed to Reputation all the Quiet of her Soul, and Happiness of her Days!

'Tis high Time, Madam, to Reveal the Mystery!

My Heart, Madam, is sensible and susceptible of the deepest Impressions; and what I have in Appearance condemn'd most, is perhaps, the only Thing that has most Power over me.

The Earl of Essex is not less Famous for the Victory gain'd over my Heart, than for his Treasons against me: And I who have always maintained the Freedom of my Soul, and reserv'd the Liberty of my Affection from submitting to the Efforts of all the Noted Princes of Europe, and the greatest of my Subjects, have now the Misfortune to find my Inclinations violently sway'd in Favour of a

Person

Person, as ungrateful *as* faithless *Tou know what I have done to raise him; nor can you be ignorant How he hath requited me by his Crimes. Man, who being Governour of* Ireland, *General of my Army, in quiet Possession of the Best Offices of my Kingdom, and Master of my Affe-tion, yet could not forbear conspiring against that Authority I was but too much inclin'd to give him Share of; and, perhaps, against Life. I took no other Pleasure in but the* Opportunities *I had by to make his Happy.*—

It was not in the Queen's Powe to say one Word more. And the *Countess* more than ordinarily concern'd at the Discourse, became much the more curious; and pretending to comfort the Queen, engag'd her very dexterously to further Discovery.

No, Madam, (replies the Queen) *there's no Hopes of Comfort for me if the E. of Essex die; By the Con-*

diti

dition you see his Imprisonment hath put me in, you may guess what I am like to be redut'd to by his Death. His Crimes I abhor, but am in Love with his Person, and find that as I have been so weak to let him know it, I shall again be so weak to pardon him. You do not know his *Carriage* towards me; and perhaps my *Affection* will as easily find excuses for his *Ingratitude*, as it did for my *Kindness*. I will give you the *Relation* of it, but conjure you to *Reproach me so plainly with the Shame I expose myself to, that I may at last prevail with myself to abandon the ingratefullest of Men, to the Rigour of his Fate.*

I Shall not give you an Account of the Interest of *England*, other than what the Earl of *Essex* stands concern'd in. I will pass by the *Obstacles* rais'd against my Establishment; and tell you only, I quickly gain'd Possession of the Throne, was ador'd by my People, and

and happy beyond the Hopes of a Person of my Sex. But Elevation is not always attended with the Pleasure of Life; and that smooth Gale of Felicity and Repose in the beginning of my Reign, quickly blew over, at least, in my Opinion.

Being settled in my Government, I found my Court throng'd with Suitors of Sovereign *Grandeur*, striving to merit the *Choice* it was in my Power [at once] to make of a *Husband* and a *King*. The Earls of *Somerset*, *Leicester*, *Arundel*, and *Hertford*, had the most Right to pretend to it. But finding myself disturb'd by their Importunities in my most serious Affairs, and not at all inclin'd to entertain their Suits, I formerly declar'd to them I design'd to live single, and endeavour'd to make them amends, by considerable Employments, and Alliances I bestow'd on them. Three of them openly quitted the Hopes they had conceived; Only the

the Earl of *Leicester*, more Ambitious, or more Constant than the rest, kept a-foot his Pretensions, and publickly continued his Services: But it was not ordain'd his Perseverance should be crown'd with the Reward of my Affection.

The Earl of *Essex* having signaliz'd himself against the rebellious Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, made about this time, his first Appearance at Court, and so found with more Ease, the Secret to please me.

Those who presented him to me, spoke much in Commendation of him. And I was too much an Eye-Witness of the Merit of his Person. I look'd upon him as an extraordinary Man: Nor could I but think it equally extraordinary to find my self so strangely affected with him at the first Sight. The Reception I gave him was very obliging, and the *Acknowledgements* he made me, were full of Respect: So that for

the Time, I saw no Cause to check my Inclination.

I may date from this first View, the loss of my Repose. I presently fell into a Disquiet I had till then been altogether a *Stranger* to. And in spite of my high Spirit, I could not but inwardly acknowledge the *Cause*. And all the Efforts of my haughty Humour against it, serv'd only to make the Triumph of the Earl of *Essex* the more Glorious.

You should better comprehend the Condition I was in, did you know the Resentments of a Great Soul, jealous of its Reputation, in Extremities of this Nature; the Combat it undergoes, and the *Confusion* that attends the Defence.

I fear'd my Eyes would discover the Pleasure I took in looking on the Earl of *Essex*, and my Weakness occasion Discourses in the World, to the Prejudice of my Glory. I shun'd the Sight of him but to little Purpose, when I

ry'd the *Idea* of him in my Heart. I was angry with myself for it, and summon'd my Reason to my Assistance to declare it: But *Love* had so violently seiz'd my Heart, that I struggled in vain to dispossess *him*.

By little and little I yielded my self Captive to that powerful Inclination which had at first Sight made me so much in love with the Person of the Earl of *Essex*: And pretending the Services he had done me against the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*, and the memory I had of the good Services of his Father, as the Ground of my Favour, I made him *Knight of the Garter*, *Master of the Horse*, and of the *Privy-Council*, tho' under Age.

Thus did I cherish and indulge the Weakness I had so long struggled with, and condemn'd my self for. The higher he grew in Office, the nearer he was to my Person: His Complaisance, his

Respect, his Looks, which to me appear'd all kind and languishing, and especially my Affection, which had Tenderness enough to give a favourable Construction to the least of his Actions, conspir'd to betray me.

Envy raised him Enemies: The Earl of *Leicester*, concern'd to be Jealous of him, quickly suspected the Truth. And looking on the Earl of *Essex* as a Person of Merit capable to cross his Pretensions, he made it his Business to supplant him; which I presently observed. I easily foresaw the Trouble my Favour might cause between Persons so considerable: And the better to countenance the Kindness I had for *Essex*, I affected a little Complaisance for *Leicester*, which somewhat abated the Edge of his Jealousy.

About that time the King of *Sweden*, the Emperor for his Son, and the Duke of *Anjou*, made the

their several Proposals of Marriage which I was forc'd to receive, but wanted not Pretences to send *home* their Ambassadors, without any Fruit of their Negotiation.

How contrary to the real *Motive* of my Actions were the Interpretations Men made of my Refusal of Marriage with these Princes! It redounded much to my Honour, my Glory was increas'd by it, and the World admir'd my Contempt of Love, even then when my Soul was wholly possest by it.

The Aversion I express'd for Foreign Alliances, rais'd the Hopes of the *Earl* of *Leicester*; and *Essex* seemd overjoy'd at it, *Not*, said he, as I heard afterwards, *but that the Qu. is Discreet in all her Actions; and her Choice had be made one, had been decent and just; but that I think her so fit to reign alone, that I would not without extreme Troubles see her share her Authority with a Husband who perhaps would in time be her Master.*

The Construction I made of the E. of *Essex*'s Zeal, was suitable to my Affection, and the Desire I had of gaining his Heart, which I desir'd so passionately, that I fancied it done, and that the pretended Severity that made me flight Kings, was the only Thing that frightned his Respect, and that he had declar'd his Love to me, could he have thought he durst presume to do it.

The Duke *Alenson* (not discouraged by my refusal of his Brother) began soon after to make Addresses for himself; and it was not in my Power to deny my Consent for his Voyage to *London*: But what Advantages soever he pleaded in his Favour, certain it is, the Earl of *Essex* lost not any he had gain'd over me. The stay of the Prince in *England*, fortified the Earl's Interest. He was constantly at my Elbow. When the Duke *Alenson* spoke to me, methought I read Reproaches against my self

in the Earl of *Essex*'s eyes. The Earl of *Leicester* watch'd me as carefully, tho' not with equal Regard from me. I rais'd so many Difficulties against the Duke of *Alençon*'s *Design*, that he was forc'd to desist; and I rid my Hands of his Person and Suit, without giving him Cause of Complaint.

You know, that after the Death of the Queen of *Scots*, the King of *Spain*, who still makes himself indispensibly subject to a necessity of opposing me, entred into a League with the *Pope* against me. And having fill'd the *World* with injurious Declarations against my Right to the Crown, they join'd all their Forces to put it off my Head. The *Spaniards* made themselves on the sudden Masters of *Daventer*. The Duke of *Parma* laid Siege to *Sluys*. It was high time to provide for *Defence*; and the Earl of *Leicester* was sent away with all the Nobility of the Kingdom, in the Head of a numer-

numerous Army. The Earl of Essex was one of the first to follow him, and as strongly inclin'd as I was to stay him, yet I thought the Man I lov'd ought not to be idle, when he had Opportunity, by Glorious Actions, to shew the Kindness I had for him.

I will not spend Time in giving you the Relation of a War, which perhaps you are sufficiently informed of, and concerns not the Secrets of my Life. It tended to our Advantage; all (to the very Winds) having favour'd our Side. When the Generals of the Army arriv'd at London, I was carry'd in Triumph to St. Paul's. Yet the Joy I had to see the Earl of Essex, was greater than that for the signal Victory obtain'd. Amongst an infinite Number of Persons of several Ranks, my Eyes were fix'd only on him: And much ado I had, sometimes, (out of Policy, the least) to look on the Earl of Leicester. Each of them

had

had done very great Actions: I commended them publickly; and particularly joy'd the Earl of *Essex* for the Success of his Valour and Conduct; who spoke so much in Praise of the Valour and Conduct of the Earl of *Leicester*, that he was forc'd in Requital, to do him Right, in giving him openly the Elogies he deserv'd.

Not long after this Expedition, the Earl of *Essex* fell into a very deep Melancholly: I was the first that perceived it; and took it for an Effect of some secret Passion. I wisht now and then he would once take the Boldness to declare himself, but presently my Reason, upon *Second Thoughts*, set before my *eyes* the *Confusion* would certainly follow an Explication of that nature, to the Ruin of my Reputation, and that high Esteem the World had for me; yet (to speak Truth) I could not resolve what to do or to wish: I am in love, I desir'd

to

to be loved again; and that was all I could make of it.

The E. of *Essex* in the mean time continued sad; it was troubled to see him so; and fancying myself the Cause, I was desirous to know it; and resolved to fetch it out of him.

He had full Liberty of Access to me, and I enlarg'd it daily; but not to expose my Reputation, I induced him to declare himself, pretended an Inclination to favour the *Earl* of *Leicester*, who, since his late Victories, had entertain'd new Hopes.

One Day, as the *Earl of Essex* came to thank me for the Government of *Ireland* I had bestowed on him, I was loth to lose the Opportunity; and interrupting what he would have said in Acknowledgement, I cry'd, *You need not enlarge yourself* (said I) *on a Thing I am full assur'd of: I take Pleasure in bestowing your Fortune, and wish I should*

easily

easily remove your Melancholly, as I am pleased to give a new Proof of the Sence I have of your Service. You may, in your Turn, oblige me, (added I) *who am fallen into a troublesome Conjuncture, and find it very difficult to reduce my Affections into a Compliance with the Necessity of the State; this presses me hard to provide* England *a* King; *this Choice is difficult, and I have not a Mind to make it among Foreigners: You are discreet, and I have Reason to believe, not the least loving of my Subjects. I will take your Advice; speak your Mind freely, What Man in* England *you think best deserves this Fortune?*

I look'd on him with that Kindness, as would have inspir'd the most Fearful with Boldness: I observ'd in his eyes extraordinary emotions, and all the Symptoms of a Secret ready to break out. The Point appear'd tender, and my Imagination flatter'd me, all would be

be as I wish'd. *Your Majesty's Resolution*, cry'd he, *will render a Man more glorious by the Quality of your Husband, than of the greatest Monarch on Earth. Remember* said I, *I expect not a Panegyrick, but Advice from you. And that your Business at present is to nominate the Man I am to make King; not to commend his good Fortune in being so. The Business is so nice, Madam*, replied he, *I dare not speak my Mind, tho your Majesty order it. Did you know* said I, *what moves me to this Confidence in you, you would, perhaps, express yourself with a great deal more Freedom; but because to bring you to it, I must proceed further. Tell me, whether you think the Earl of* Leicester *deserves to be your* Prince? *The Earl of* Leicester (answers he) *is well Born, and a Person of great* Merit, *and will answer the Honour your Majesty intends him. Is that all you have to say to me*, said I? *Ah, Madam*, answer'd

he

e, with a Sigh, which made me xpect something more pleasing, *I ould have more to say to you for my elf than the Earl of* Leicester. *What inders you?* said I. *The Respect I ave for your Majesty*, answer'd he, *I am in Love, Madam, but it is not a hing fitting to make my* Queen *my onfident.* I blush'd at those *Words*, nd was in a Mind not to proceed further. But I look'd upon im, and there needed no more o declare my Weakness: *I have hat Esteem for you*, added I, *that am not unwilling to be of your ouncil. Well, Madam, since you will ave it so*, continues he, *I must acquaint you I am desperately in Love ith the Countess of* Rutland; *nd that I cannot live if your Majesty consent not that she shall make e happy.*

You may easily guess what an Aonishment I was in at this explicaon, having upon so good grounds xpected to have heard my self

 named

named; it is well for me I had not altogether loſt the Haughtineſs of my Nature; the poor Remains of it were my only Helps to preſerve me from diſcovering more Weakneſs to the Earl, than he had diſcover'd Love for his Miſtreſs. His Tranſports helpt me to cover mine. He perceiv'd not the Blow he had given me; and ſacrificing my *Grief* to my *Glory*, I affected to appear calm and unconcern'd, when my Soul was full of Trouble and Confuſion. *You have made a very good Choice*, ſaid I, *and the Counteſs of* Rutland *will well deſerve the kindneſs you profeſs for her. Madam*, replies he, with Satisfaction in his *looks*, which *heighten'd* my grief, *you have done more for me, in approving the paſſion I have for the Counteſs of* Rutland, *than you could have done had you procur'd me the Empire of the Univerſe. It is your Deſire then*, added I, with a Sigh my Deſpair forc'd from me, *that I ſhould give her*

to you? I desire any thing, says he, *that may preserve me from Dying for Love of her. Go your way, then*, said I, to be rid of him, and ease my self of the intolerable Constraint I was under, *be assur'd I will concern my self in your Amour. You shall know it in time. But take heed you give not the Earl of* Leicester *the least Intimation of the Secret I have imparted to you. Not before I have Orders from your Majesty*, answer'd he, *to congratulate his Happiness, and pay him the Devoirs of an affectionate Subject.*

Had you seen with what an *Ayre* he pronounc'd these Words, you would have abhorr'd him for his ingratitude. As for me, I was left in so desperate a *Condition*, it was long e'er I could recover my Reason out of the *Entanglements* of *Love*, *Anger*, and *Jealousie*.

I was partly the Author of my Misfortune, by calling to *Court* the *Countess* of *Rutland*, after her Hus-

band's Death, without considering she was one of the handsomest Ladies on Earth; and but sixteen Years old. I have not observ'd any particular *Kindness* the *E.* of *Essex* had for her: He visited her as other Ladies of the Court. But their Intrigue was mysterious; and the more secretly it was carry'd, the Engagement was the stronger, and the Affection more tender.

It is impossible to express the Trouble I was in, when *Anger* seized the Place *Grief* had possest in my Heart. Tho' the *Earl* of *Essex* had been ignorant of his good Fortune I could not forbear reproaching him for slighting it as he did; and forgot not to charge him with Treachery and Ingratitude. But when I *consider'd* he was so far from apprehending my Meaning, that he was gone directly to make a solemn Tender of his Love to another, and carry *her* the joyful *News* of his Success with me; I resol

ed at least to delay the Pleasure of it for a time, and went out of my Closet into my Chamber, to call him back. I thought I heard the Earl of *Leicester*'s Voice and his in the *Anti-Chamber*; and going to the Door, found I was not mistaken. *Leicester*'s Jealousie had, in all probability, made him watch *Essex* as he enter'd my Chamber; and when he saw him return with Satisfaction in his Looks: *You are happy*, says he, *in a Privilege, to entertain the* Queen *as long as you please; when others who as passionately desire it, can't obtain that Happiness for a Moment. I'm persuaded* replies *Essex, you better deserve it; and make no doubt but you will find more Pleasure in it. I'll leave you at liberty to go in search of it; and you may do me a Favour not to stay me, being call'd another way, on a very pressing Occasion.* He had no sooner said so, but he went his way; and I was so confounded with this new

Sight, I scarce knew where I stood. Having at last recover'd my Reason, I had the Discretion to hide my *Weakness*. Presently my Anger would have vented it self on the Countess of *Rutland*: But I consider'd her only Crime was her Beauty; and that she knew not my Concern for her Servant.

The *Earl* of *Leicester* having at his entrance perceiv'd me in Disorder, durst not take Notice of it, but after a short Visit withdrew.

A little before, I had sent to *congratulate* the King of *Navarre*, upon his coming to the Crown of *France*; and having Intelligence he wanted Aid to secure his Government, I resolv'd to send him some under the *Conduct* of the *E.* of *Essex*, in hopes his *Absence* might cure me. I would have perswaded my self, the *Cause* of my removing him on *That* Occasion, was my Desire to *forget him*; but upon second

cond Thoughts, I must confess, it was rather the Desire of removing him out of the Sight of a beloved Rival.

Being resolv'd on the Point, I hasten'd the *Execution*, and having order'd the *Earl* of *Essex* to attend me; *You love Honour*, said I to him, *and I cannot think you will prefer the Pleasure of Sighing before a Mistress, to the Opportunities of acquiring Glory: I have provided One for you; and am resolv'd you shall command the Troops I am sending to the* French *King. To fortifie therefore yourself against the Troubles of Absence, you need only think of the Pleasure of a Return.* His Answer was only Sighs, and that passionate Language made me hasten his Departure.

Soon after the Countess of *Rutland* (whom, I could not forbear using very mildly) desir'd leave to go into the Country a considerable distance from *London*. I had

then so little love for her, I did no
desire to have her near me, but rea
dily consented she should retire.

The hopes she had to see the *Ear*
of *Essex* return, supported her so
that she, with much Moderation
saw him take his leave: But I am
assur'd by experience, the Grie
for his Departure, equall'd at least
the Hopes for his Return.

When he was arriv'd in *France*
Fame spoke aloud in Commendati
on of him; his Absence alter'd no
my Affection; and in spite of al
I could do to the contrary, I had
sensible Pleasure to hear him com
mended.

Had I been desir'd, I should have
call'd him home as soon as *France*
was in Peace: But I sent him new
Orders to join Admiral *Howard*
who was going for *Spain*; and
gave him the like Commission for
this Expedition, as for that of *France*

He did Wonders in *Spain*, and his
single *Valour* frightned the *Enemies*

And

And having taken *Cales*, and pillag'd the Coast of *Portugal*, he put again to Sea for *England*. The Fleet was scatter'd by a Storm, and we had *News* the *Earl* of *Essex* was lost. Then it was I knew better than ever, the Kindness I had for him. I could no longer perswade my self that his Indifference for me deserv'd mine for him.

I accus'd the Sea a Thousand times, for having taken too unreasonable a *Revenge* of me, and was under Sufferings more cruel than Death, till News was brought me, that by the Assistance of the Admiral of *Holland*, he was arriv'd at *Plymouth*, from whence, in a few Days, he came to *Court*.

To shew you how little Reason we have, when we are in Love, and how fickle are the Resolutions of a tender Heart, tho' provok'd by Slights and Contempts: I had lamented the *Death* of the *Earl* of *Essex*, and receiv'd the News

of his being alive with a Thousand *Transports of Joy*. I was extreamly pleas'd with the Report of his Arrival at *London*. But when I consider'd I should see him *full of Love* for another, and that, perhaps, I should not be able to conceal my Jealousy, I was tempted to order him to give the *Council an Account* of his *Conduct*, and not admit him into my Presence. I was sometimes of the Opinion, I should be able to do so; but this *weak Heart* of *mine*, so prepossest in Favour of him, revolted against all my Resolutions; I must follow my Inclinations, and see the most dangerous Enemy of my Repose, the Troubler of my Rest. He came to *White-Hall*; I admitted him to my Presence; I look'd upon him, and *in spite of all my high Spirit*, he saw nothing but Kindness in all my Actions.

You may soon imagine what an agreeable Surprize it was to me, to find, at our first Conference, that

that Absence had *wean'd* his Affections from the Countess of *Rutland.* He appear'd no longer in that *languishing Melancholly* I observ'd him in before his Departure. He had Satisfaction in his Looks. The Air of his Actions were smooth and calm. And I fancy'd as much Joy in his Face, tho' the Countess of *Rutland* was absent, as I felt in my self, at the Explication he made. *I see you again return'd with Victory,* (said I) *but am sorry it is not in my Power to reward your Toil with the Sight of the Countess of* Rutland. *But if any thing I can do, can comfort you.— I am easily comforted for her Absence, when I am permitted to see your Majesty,* answer'd he. *I have no Passion more but for the Glory of serving your Majesty; and the Countess of* Rutland *is now to me no more than other Ladies of the Court. Are you no longer in Love with the Countess of* Rutland? *(reply'd I)* between

Joy

Joy and Distrust. *You have spoken it too fast. When you see her again— When I see her again,* says he, interrupting me, *it shall be without those Transports I express for her, not forgetting the Respect due to your Majesty. What,* answer'd I, *are you not afraid of the reproaches of a provok'd Mistress? No, Madam,* said he, in a free and unconcerned Manner; *all I am concern'd for is to do my Duty, and approve myself worthy your Majesty's Favour.* This, answer'd I, *deserves my Acknowledgment; and Time shall let you see I am not ungrateful.*

Thus did the Earl of *Essex* assure me he was cur'd of his first Passion; and I was in Hopes, it might be in my Power to see him one Day entertain another. A Week after, he desir'd Leave to go into the Country, about his private Affairs: He was absent a Fortnight; and returned

more

more calm and unconcern'd than ever.

The *Earl* of *Leicester* had doubled his Importunities in the Absence of the Earl of *Essex* in *France* and *Spain*; and oblig'd me at last, to put him out of Hopes. He is naturally bold, and was so blown up with the Opinion of the Glory he had gain'd by some late Atchievements, that he proceeded to telling me plainly, *He was jealous of the Earl of Essex*; and would have made a Crime of the Discourse I told you of, past between them, as *Essex* left my Chamber. The Answer I made him, was an absolute Command, *He should be silent*; which was so far obey'd, that after some Days murmuring, he held his Peace. Yet this put me in mind to observe some Measures, and not to follow openly my Inclinations.

Things continued in this State, till the Troubles of *Ireland*. I had often open'd my Mouth to

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let the *Earl* of *Essex* know the Advantages he had over me; but Modesty shut it again; yet seeing him under a Necessity of going for *Ireland*, when the Earl of *Tyrone* had rais'd a general Rebellion, I hadn't the Power to let him take his leave without acquainting Him, *The Kingdom was at his Command.* Upon the first News of the Troubles, he threw himself at my *Feet*, begging the Honour of my Command, to go and quiet those Disorders. — *You have done enough*, said I, *and there's no need you should by exposing your self to new Dangers, oblige me to new Acknowledgments. I doubt not, Madam*, answer'd he, *but the Favour I beg of your Majesty, will be envy'd me; but I take the Boldness to say, Your Majesty cannot refuse it me, without doing your self Injury: It being an occasion may contribute to my meriting the Favour You have already honour'd me with.* — The *Ardor* you express for undertaking

Great

Great Actions, (*replied I*) is not *perhaps* so pleasing as you imagine; and all the *good* that may redound to *England* thro' your *Valour*, is less considerable than the Trouble is given me, who takes less Care of my *Crown* than your *Life*. I am Ambitious: Yet — Ah! my Lord, save me the Confusion of a more particular Explication of what you ought, and might easily have long since understood. *I might, perhaps, presume too far in my Wishes*, says the *Earl*, in some Disorder. Wish boldly, *cry'd I*, I love you; and if I *Blush* to tell you so, 'tis not that I am either asham'd, or repent of it. You may believe this Acknowledgment a very hard Task for a Person of my Humour, who have seen you sigh for another, when I slighted Kings for your sake, and would have sacrificed more to your Satisfaction. *What, Madam!* (cry'd he, like a Man astonish'd) *Have you lov'd me, and I been so*

Unfor-

Unfortunate to make my self unworthy your Kindness by those Sighs I now disavow? Did my *Eyes* never tell you what I look'd for in yours? *said I.* I never had the *Boldness, answer'd he,* to make any such *Constructions* of your Looks. Your Fear was the effect of Indifference, *said I,* but no more of what is past. Tell me now, can ye love me? Rather ask me, Madam, *answers he,* if all the Affections of *my Soul* can *merit your Love*? and whether the *Earl* of *Leicester,* whom you design to make the happiest Man on Earth, shall not carry the Day from me. The *Earl* of *Leicester, said I,* was but a *Pretence* to make *you* speak. I told you then *truly* the *Thoughts* I had of *you*; *my Trouble* for *you* was not small, both in your *Absence,* and since your *Return*; but all is forgotten. Be henceforth as I wish, and doubt not of being Happy.

He answer'd me with some Disorder, which I fancied the *Effect* of un-

unexpected Joy, I thought it time to be no longer ſcrupulous; and that it was in vain to have any Reſerve when I had ſaid ſo much. *I muſt not let you go under any Uncertainty*, proceeded I, *but to convince you clearly of the Truth of what I've ſaid, take this*, ſaid I, delivering him a Ring, as the higheſt Mark of my Favour, *keep it as a Pledge of my kindneſs; which I conjure you to preſerve in the State it is in, and on that Condition, I promiſe you, never to deny you any thing you ſhall deſire of me, when you ſhew me this* Ring, *tho' it coſt me my Life and Fortune.*

His Joy and Acknowledgments at receiving the Ring, were in Appearance, extraordinary and unparellel'd; and attended with Promiſes of as high a nature.

He went for *Ireland* in few *Days*, leaving me fully perſwaded his Thoughts were *wholly* taken up with me. But he had ſcarce advanc'd

vanc'd up to the Rebels, but he was Charg'd with all the *Crimes* which occasion'd his Imprisonment, and that of the Earl of *Southampton*. Then it was I began to repent I had not given Ear to the wholesome Advice *Cecil* would have given me, concerning the secret Conduct of the Earl of *Essex*.

In a Word, while my Thoughts were wholly *imploy'd* to make his Fortune glorious, he was Plotting with the Earl of *Tyrone*, to surprize and make me Prisoner in this Palace.

You know the rest, *Madam*, his obstinate Resistance, his want of Respect for my *Orders*, his imprisoning my *Ministers*, his murthering my *Soldiers*, and his intollerable *Pride* in all his Misfortunes.

Thus ended the Queen's Discourse; which having call'd fresh to her Mind all that had pass'd between Her and *Essex*, she was more troubled than ever.

The

The *Countess* of *Nottingham* had heard her with Attention suitable to her great Concern in the Discourse. She, as well as the Queen, had been in Love with the Earl; and advanc'd many Steps, but in vain, to raise a Passion in him. And having newly understood the *Cause* of his *slighting her*, it *added infinitely* to her *former Resentments*.

She had no Mind to *condemn* the Queen's Weakness, knowing her self guilty of the like; nor was she inclin'd to speak in favour of a Man who was grown so much the more *Odious* to her, as *she* had formerly passionately lov'd him. She thought it sufficient to *comfort* the Queen with Discourses seeming to arise *only* from *Zeal* for her *Service*, when, in *Truth*, her *Thoughts* were wholly bent for the *Ruin* of an *ingrateful Lover*, who, in her Judgment, deserv'd nothing but *Hatred at her Hands*.

'Tho' *Love* thought not fit the

Earl

Earl of *Essex* should admire the *Countess* of *Nottingham*; yet another was her Captive, whose *Character* did, in a manner, make her amends; it was Secretary *Cecil* who, amidst his *great Offices*, and the *Gravity* that became them, discover'd, in the Beauty, Ingenuity, and high Spirit of the *Countess* of *Nottingham*, some Charms, that made him capable of a *strong Passion* for her; which was heightned by the *Hatred* both of them had profess'd against the *Earl* of *Essex*, *Cecil* having always look'd on him as the invincible *Obstacle* of his ambitious *Pretensions*; and the Countess had against him all the Rage and Aversion that usually succeed Kindness abus'd.

They were glad of the Imprisonment of the Earl of *Essex*; but the favourable Inclinations the Queen express't for him, alarm'd them.

The

The *Countess* had no sooner taken *leave* of the *Queen*, but she gave *Cecil* an *Account* of all she had learnt. Having consider'd the Consequences, they concluded it necessary, while their *Princess* sigh'd secretly for the Prisoner, means should be found by private *Ways*, and in artful *Conduct*, without their appearing to have any such Design, to take away the Mercy which Love might inspire into her.

Cecil, for the first *Step*, press'd the *Queen* to bring *Essex* to his Trial; and caus'd certain News of his Death to be spread throughout *England*.

Essex, in the mean time, was buried with *Thoughts* of more *Weight* than those of his Life. He knew well enough his Queen lov'd him, and knew as well he had deceiv'd her; and that she might, with a great deal of Justice, not only reproach, but condemn him.

The

The Queen had not seen him since his going into *Ireland*; but having not the Power to give him up to his ill Fortune, without having *heard* him, She resolv'd to go to his House, where he was Prisoner, to reproach him as he deserv'd, and endeavour, if possible to find him innocent.

'Tis not far from *Whitehall* to *Essex-house*; and the *Queen* took so good Order in the *Matter*, that no *Notice* was taken of the *Undecency* of the *Visit*. Having been introduced by her Confidents alone into the Chamber of the Criminal, He was *surpriz'd* at the *Presence* of the *Queen*; the languishing Condition she was in, made her *sigh*; all went for him, and the Victory seem'd easy. He saluted her with a profound Respect; and then fixing on her Face those *Eyes* of his, which so often charm'd her, he fetch'd some *Tears* from *hers*. Well, my Lord, (*says she, drying them*) you

see

see what I do for *you*, notwithstanding all the *Crimes* I can reproach you with. I am come with a *Design* to Hear you, if you have any thing to say to justify your self. I have lov'd you too well, not to wish it above all things; and, would *Heaven* were pleas'd your *Justification* might be purchas'd with any the most precious *Thing* in my *Power*. My *greatest Crime* is, that I thought myself too *happy*, Madam, *replies the Earl, sighing*. Had you rested there, *said the Queen*, I should have been too well satisfy'd to complain of you; but to believe yourself *happy*, was it *necessary* you should *betray* me? And must you needs have made use of violent means, to make yourself *Master* of a *Fortune* I was willing to share with you? What *reason* had *you* to seek *Protection* of the *Kings* of *Scotland* and *Spain*? Did my *Interests* oblige *you* to *Correspondencies* with *Tyrone*? And, was it for the *Safety* of my Person,

you design'd *to make me your Slave, and his? All you have done since to* my Subjects, *against my Orders; Are those the Expressions of your Respect? Is it by Fury and Treason you shew your Zeal for Me and the Publick? Or is all We have seen and heard of you but Illusion and Fancy? Yes, Madam,* replied the Earl, *those Accusations of Treason and ill Designs, have run me upon the desperate Resistance I made. You have been pleas'd to heap Favours upon Me, and I, too proud of what I so little deserv'd, flatter'd myself with the Expectation of a Thousand Pleasures which you had not absolutely forbid Me to hope for. This let loose the Envy and Jealousy of others against my good Fortune. They abus'd your Majesty with Misinformations; and I had the Misfortune to be assured, your Majesty had order'd I should be arrested; altho' my Innocence would have perswaded Me the contrary. I confess, Madam, I was in a*

Rage

Rage, to see my Enemies insult over me; being abandon'd by your Majesty, and on a point of suffering, perhaps, a shameful Death; I thought it neither for my Reputation, nor your Majesty's Honour, I should die as a Criminal. This put me upon having recourse to those Succours and Assistances they reproach me with, and the Resolution I took to go out of England, *in hopes to confound my Accusers; but I found all the Passages stopt; and I must acknowledge in that desperate Condition, I vented my Fury by taking Revenge on your Ministers. They, Madam, and only they, were the Objects of the Rebellion I am charg'd with. My design was, that only they, who had so industriously labour'd to make me appear guilty, should do me Right, in declaring my Innocence; and permit me to lay it, and my Life, at your Majesty's Feet, I never doubted but your Majesty would have done me the honour to hear me, and that by a clear discovery of the*

Truth. I should have certainly confounded the envy of my Enemies. But their Malice hath had the Success to see me a Prisoner, hated by my Sovereign, despis'd by the World, and made a Sacrifice to their Rage; and now what remains but that I receive the Sentence of my Death pronounc'd by them, and see Cobham, Cecil, Raleigh, *and their Fellows, share the Favours you honour'd me with? You are well assur'd I hate you not,* says the Queen, interrupting him: *But should I believe you? Yet should I not believe you? Can I give you up to the ill Fate that threateus you? I shall never murmur against your Majesty's Orders,* replies the Earl, *but submit to them readily, whatever they be. But I confess it wou'd make me mad, shou'd my Enemies have the Advantage to condemn me.*

The E. of *Essex* knew the weak Side of the Queen; and easily revi'd in her that Tenderness he had formerly inspir'd her with

No, says she, (having paus'd a-while) *you shall not Die. Make use of your Advantages; Triumph over a Heart whose Inclinations you very well know. I will believe your Intentions less criminal than they appear; but, my Lord, I conjure you, by that Kindness, of which you have such particular Experience, that you give me no Cause to repent of it; trouble not your self for Reputation and Honour, I will take care to repair it, and before two Days be over, I will restore you to the highest Place you ever had under me.*

Essex, transported with Joy for the happy Success of this Conference, affected the Queen so much with submissive *Acknowledgments*, that he restor'd her Spirits to a perfect Tranquility. At parting, she promis'd to call a Council on the Morrow, and in a glorious Manner to declare him Innocent.

As ſoon as it was Day, ſhe ſent for *Cecil*, and the Counteſs of *Nottingham* waited on her. Having told them in few *Words*, of a great Conflict paſt between her *Juſtice* and her *Mercy*, ſhe concluded for the latter; and order'd *Cecil* to ſummon the *Council*, that ſhe might declare to them the *Deſign* ſhe had to ſet *Eſſex* at Liberty, aſſuring *him* ſhe had invincible Reaſons for doing ſo. This was a mortal Blow to the ambitious *Cecil*, and the Counteſs of *Nottingham*. They preſently look'd on one another, as if they would have ask'd each others Advice what *Courſe* to be taken. Afterwards they ſpoke to the Queen, in hopes to divert her; but ſhe was inflexible; and *Cecil* was forc'd to order an Extraordinary Call of the Council.

But while the Earl of *Eſſex*'s Enemies thought his good Fortune on the Point of being reconcil'd to him, Chance labour'd [illegible] with *unexpected Success*. [illegible]

As the *Queen* was going to *Council*, Word was brought her, the *Countess* of *Rutland* desir'd to wait on her. The *Queen* blush'd, remembring what had pass'd; and looking on the Request as unseasonable and unlucky, she thought to have put off the *Countess* to another time; but considering she us'd not to deny any Person *Access*, and that the Countess of *Rutland* was a Lady of the *best Quality*, she commanded she should be admitted; and the *Countess* immediately enter'd.

Tho' her *Eyes* languish'd, her Looks were sad, her Dress and her Gate very careless, yet her Beauty was conspicuous, and moving: She threw herself at the *Queen*'s Feet; and with extremity of *Grief* in her *Looks*, *Madam*, (says she, with a great deal of Pain) *I come to implore your Majesty's Goodness for the Unfortunate Earl of* Essex. —— *for the Earl of* Essex, *Madam?*

dam, answer'd the Queen? *How come you concern'd for him, who hath quitted you with so much Indifference after so many Promises of extraordinary Kindness? I expected you were rather come to join your Resentments with mine, and desire me to take a full Revenge for the Injury done to your Beauty.* No, *Madam*, answer'd the *Countess*, *not the Transports of a forsaken Mistress have brought me now into your Majesty's Presence, but the tender Affection due from a virtuous Wife to a Husband she loves; in begging for the Earl of* Essex, *I beg for mine. This Confession may, perhaps, add to our Guilt; but 'tis no dallying for those who are on the Brink of Destruction. I acknowledge, Madam*, that after a thousand *Crosses*, we had that *tender Kindness* one for the other, that we *married* privately, contrary to the Respect due to your Majesty. *This*, Madam, *this only, and his Fear of your Majesty's just Indignation, put the Earl of*

Essex

Essex upon seeking Revenge out of your Dominions: He thought it fit I should go out of them, but never harbour'd a Thought of conspiring against your Majesty. However, this hath ruin'd us; and if You protect not an unfortunate Person, whom you have so much honour'd, He is irrecoverably lost. Consider, I beseech you, *Madam*, that a few *Drops* of *Blood* at your *dispose*, and a poor *Life* you are *Mistress* of, are not a *Revenge* suitable to the *Grandeur* of a *Queen* ador'd for many Virtues, yet chiefly for your Clemency.

The *Queen* was so astonisht at the Discourse, that the Countess had Liberty to end without interruption. But this was sad News to a Heart lately full of the *Delights* of a pleasing *Reconciliation*. What a Torrent of Anger overflow'd her Constancy? A Queen as she was, high-spirited, haughty, and passionately in Love; to see herself thus inevitably betray'd, and to

find it out at a time, when a blin
Credulity had stifled all former Re
sentments: Yet she forced herse
to Dissemble her Grief; and fix
ing a severe Look on the Counte
of *Essex*: *The Life you Beg of Me*
says she, is not in My Power; *Th*
Peers are his Judges. Ah! Madam
cryes the Countess, *my Husband i*
Lost, if you give him up to thei
Fury: Their Jealousy will do th
which Justice cannot.—Why shoul
you Trouble your self if he be n
Guilty? said the Queen. Tho' I a
well satisfy'd of his Inocence, Mada
answers the Countess, *yet your Cru*
Ministers are not dispos'd to believe i
Let me then intreat you, Madam,
Your Majesty will grant me no mor
yet will be pleas'd to Allow me th
Priviledge of being put into the sam
Prison with Him. I am as Crim
nal as He, and perhaps more. I w
it in My Power to Grant your Desire
says the *Queen*, *but common Poli*
forbids any Correspondence to
allow

allow'd between so considerable Persons, in your Circumstances: You may, if you please, wait his Fate and your own, in a Chamber in this Palace. Ah, Madam, *replies the beautiful Countess*, consider the last Favour I beg of you is, that I may be put into Irons: Can you apprehend we shall attempt any thing against you in so deplorable an Estate? This is the *Eve* of our greatest Disaster: That barbarous Justice, to which you absolutely commit the care of your *Vengeance*, will to *Morrow*, perhaps, part us *for ever*; deny us not, at least, the comfort of mixing our last *Tears*. What can you *fear* from a *Grief* without Power——*I fear being troubled with it, and I will be Obey'd*, answers the angry Qu. and goes away into her Closet, while the *Countess* of *Essex* was carry'd to a Chamber, where she was left under Guard.

Never was Fury equal to the Queen's. The Madness she was in,

to see herself deceiv'd, made her for some time forget all her *Tenderness*. Her Thoughts were wholly bent on *Revenge*, and giving up to the Severity of Justice, a guilty Person she had so passionately loved. *Death*, says she, *shall be the Reward of his Ingratitude, and I will make his Punishment an Example to the Universe.*

With these *Thoughts* she came to the Council. When she had declar'd herself, the Peers were named for Trying the Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton*. Arm'd as she was with Resolution to do it, she trembled at the doing; and could not forbear mixing some *amorous Sighs* with the *violent Expressions* her *anger* forc'd from her. She withdrew under a very great *Trouble*, and admitted no Visit for several Days.

'Tis hard to express what a pleasant Surprize it was to *Cecil*, to see the Queen angry, and declare herself against *Essex*, whom he thought

thought ſhe reſolv'd to Pardon. He carry'd the News to the Counteſs of *Nottingham*, who was as Joyful at it, as a cruel *Perſon* could be on ſuch an Occaſion. Yet they could not think all ſure, while the Earl of *Eſſex* was only *Priſoner* in his *houſe*, from whence his *Friends*, if minded to do it, might get him out. They concluded to take the Opportunity of the Queen's Anger, to obtain her *Order* for putting him into the *Tower* of *London*; which *Cecil*, under a *Cloak* of *Zeal* for her *Majeſty's Service*, eaſily gain'd, and readily executed. The Earl of *Eſſex* was generally belov'd; and *Cecil*, fearing Commotions and Tumults if he ſhould be carry'd through the City, order'd him to be ſent to the Tower by Water; which was accordingly done.

The Earl of *Eſſex*, not able to gueſs at the Cauſe of a Succeſs ſo unſuitable to the Promiſes of the Queen, prepar'd himſelf for the

worſt that might happen; and in few Days had Reſolutions enough to bear his Misfortunes. The *Qu.* was as full of *Trouble*, as *Cecil* and the Counteſs of *Nottingham* were of *Hopes* to ſee their *common Enemy* condemn'd in a few Days.

The *Counteſs* of *Eſſex* having no *Comfort* but her Tears, nor *Company* but her Fears, endeavoured, from the Pity of her Guards, to have ſome Intelligence of her Husband's *Condition*. She was told, *His Judges were appointed, and that he was in the Tower*: Worſe News ſhe could not have. The *Qu.* was *irreconcilably angry*; *nor could* ſhe by Letter, *convey* with *Safety* to her Husband the Advice ſhe thought fit for him. A *Conference* ſhe *thought* better; and *Money* being a Charm *ſeldom* reſiſted, ſhe did by ſome Preſents of Value, prevail with her *Guards* to ſerve her to her Mind. Having fully *poſſeſt 'em*, ſhe neither deſign'd her own Liberty,

berty, nor her Husband's; all she desir'd, was a Minute private Discourse with him; which her Guards undertook, and brought happily about. The Guards at the *Tower*, gain'd by their Companions, easily introduc'd the *Countess* into her Husband's Chamber.

He knew nothing of the Passages at *White-Hall*; but when he was told, *He was in a few Days to appear before his Judges*, he expected with a great deal of Resolution and Constancy, the end of his Misfortunes; comforting himself with the *Thoughts* of the *Countess* being retir'd into *Scotland*; but seeing her so near a Danger he thought her so remote; Ah Madam! *says he, with his Eyes full of Tenderness*, what came you to look for in these fatal Places? And in whose Power was it to bring you hither? ——— My Grief and my Guards have brought me hither,— *Answers the Countess*. What, Madam! crys the

the Earl; are you the *Queen's* Prisoner? And does she know we are Married? Yes, *reply'd the Countess mournfully*, and is so angry, that we are past hope; I was absenting my self from you, as you *desir'd* me, but the *News* of your *Death* stopt my *Retreat*, and it was not in my *Power* to betake myself into a Place of Safety, there to attend the Issue of *your Troubles*, if it were not in *my Power* to ease *you* of 'em. I thought it my *Duty* at least to *share* with *you* in 'em. This made me present my self to the *Queen*, and omit *nothing* that might *move* her *Compassion*, but she *prov'd* altogether *inflexible*. Ah Madam, *says the Earl, interrupting her, your Impatience has ruin'd us*: Had *you not* appear'd, I had been at Liberty. By a *dext'rous Justification*, I had regain'd her *Confidence*, and *you shou'd have*, in a *few Days*, seen me come in *search of you* in *Scotland*, but *now* there's *no Hopes*, the *Queen* will be *reveng'd*. What! saith

ſaith the *Counteſs*, hath all I have done, tended to your Ruin? Make Uſe of your Advantages, I conjure you. The Queen ſtill retains ſome tenderneſs for you. You may eaſily revive it. Oh! be not a Sacrifice to her Anger. Invent any thing in Excuſe of our Marriage. Diſown it if you pleaſe. I will conſent to any thing rather than have you condemn'd to Death. Let her Baniſh me into any Part of the World; I will go moſt willingly. And if it may conduce to your Safety, make Uſe of the *Pledge* ſhe gave you.—

Ah, Madam! *replies the Earl*, can you give ſuch Advice to a Man who, you know, adores you? Have you found by any of my Actions, that I love my Life more than I love you? No, I love my Life for nothing elſe, but to ſpend it with you; and I will part with it, with all my Heart, when I muſt be depriv'd of that Plea-

ſure

sure. My Fears were only for *you*, and can *you* believe I shall have the least *Satisfaction* in the *Queen's* Favour, when her Jealousy should make her Banish you? Let it break out, let her ruin me, I will glory in my loving you, and telling it to her Face. I know the *precious Gift* she bestow'd on me, leaves me some Hopes, and I may make Use of it, but I'd do it with safety, and it may prevail for more than my Life. I *apprehend* you, *says the Countess*; *you* wou'd reserve all for me, and neglect your own *Safety*; but *you* cannot incur a *Danger*, *wherein I have not a Share*; and *the Way* to preserve my *Life*, is to secure *yours*.

This Dispute had lasted longer, but the *Countess's* Guards minding her it was time to withdraw, She dispos'd herself to bid her Husband Farewel. Their Separation was Moving, and accompanied with abundance of *Tears*, to which a Multitude of tormenting Inquietudes

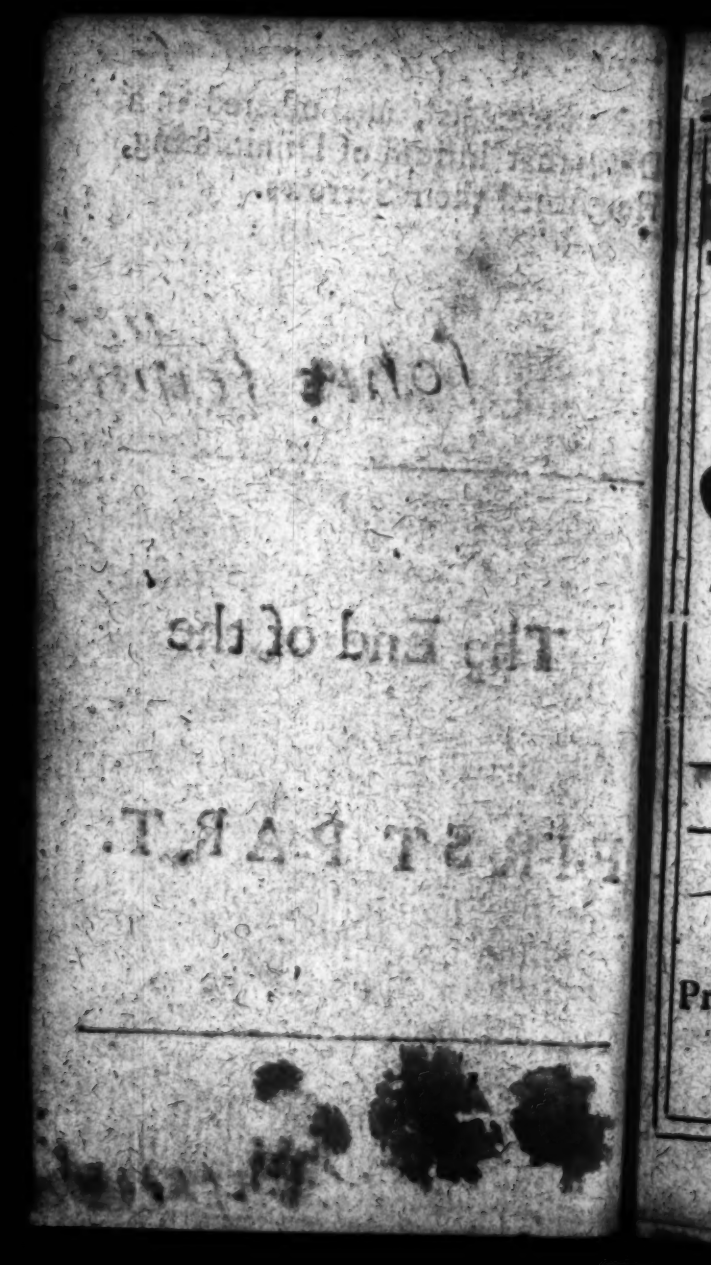
tudes succeeded, and ushered in a Day, that instead of Diminishing, Heightned their Sorrows.

John Seymour

The End of the

FIRST PART.

Ph. Seymour



THE Secret HISTORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED Q. Elizabeth AND THE E. of Essex.

The Second Part.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE:
Printed for *Will with the Wisp*, at the Sign of the *Moon in the Ecliptick.* 1695.

John Seym

THE Earl of *ESSEX*. OR, THE AMOURS OF Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The Second Part.

THE *Queen*, though angry, gave no Order for Comprehending the Countess of *Essex* in her Husband's Impeachment. The Morrow after their Conference, the Peers met in

in *Westminster-Hall*, the Earls of *Essex*, and *Southampton*, were brought before them by the *Constable* of the Tower. The particulars of the Tryal are set forth at large in the Histories of the Time. It shall suffice to insert here, That the Prisoners being Charg'd to have held Criminal *Correspondences* with the Kings of *Scotland* and *Spain*, and entered into Secret Alliances with *Tyrone*, and Traiterously laid and carried on a *Plot* against the Queen's Authority, made a very stout and resolute Defence.

As Politick as *Cecil* was, he could not hide the Malignity of his Intentions; but it was Observ'd, he was not only a severe Judge, but a dangerous Enemy. The Heat and Animosity he discover'd against the E. of *Essex*, were answer'd by him with a slighty Resolution, and undaunted Constancy. Yet, for all he could say in Justification of himself, he was condemn'd with the Formalities

lities usual on such Occasions. Sentence was pronounc'd by the Lord High Steward, That the Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton* were Guilty of High Treason, and should be Beheaded. The E. of *Essex* was not mov'd in the least, to hear himself nam'd, but appear'd heartily Sorry to find the Earl of *Southampton under* like Condemnation, and Conjur'd the Judges to examin with less Severity, the Conduct of a Person, whose only Crime was, the Love he had for him. But not able to prevail, he melted into Expressions of the greatest Tenderness in the World, for his Friend.

The Qu. being inform'd of the Condition of things, gave private Orders to delay Execution. She was of a High Spirit, and highly Provok'd; yet found it very difficult to raise her Anger to a Pitch equal to her Tenderness.

Cecil trembled to find the Execution of a Sentence deferr'd, which he

he had with so much pleasure heard pronounc'd. The Countess of *Nottingham* was equally Allarm'd.

The Proofs were but Slight against the E. of *Southampton*; and the *Queen*, sensible his long Friendship with the Earl of *Essex*, had chiefly engag'd him in the Matters in Charge, Pardon'd his Life at the Request of his Friends.

News was brought of it to the Earl of *Essex*, whose truly Brave and Generous Soul immediately broke forth into sincere Protestations, *He should Dye now with Satisfaction and Content; since the Queen had owned by her Pardon, the Innocence of* Southampton.

While the Earl of *Essex*, expected with a resolute Constancy, the Catastrophe of his Tragedy, the *Countess*, his Wife, was inform'd at *White-Hall*, he was Executed, 'Till then she believ'd it uncertain; but this News surpriz'd her so terribly, she fill'd the whole *Court* with her Lamen-

Lamentations. The Queen heard them, but was not concern'd, as the rest were for them. *Let her Cry*, says She, to the Countess of *Nottingham*, *she must shed many more, to wipe out the Score of those Tears she hath cost me.*

The *Countess* of *Nottingham* was so far from endeavouring to pacify the *Queen*, that all her *Care* was to keep up her Anger. And because she was ignorant of many things she thought herself concern'd to know, she took Advantage of the *Trouble* the Countess of *Essex* was in, and made her frequent Visits; not to bemoan her Afflictions, but to find out something to render her more *miserable*. It must needs have been an *unparaleld Cruelty* not to pity the handsomest Lady on *Earth*, appearing to our Eyes in a Condition more Deplorable than can be express'd. She fell every Minute, for very Weakness, into

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the Arms of the Women about her; and recover'd herself not only to lament the more pitifully, which affected all but the *Countess* of *Nottingham*, who saw all this with an Unconcernedness suitable to the Hardness of her Heart. *Ah, Madam*, says the Countess of *Essex*, as soon as she saw her, *Will you not use your Interest with the* Queen, *in favour of the Earl of* Essex? *You know my Lord of* Southampton *hath his Pardon*, replies She, *and the* Queen, *perhaps, will do as much for your Husband. Madam, says the Countess of* Essex, *it is not the Crimes charged on my Husband, jointly with the Earl of* Southampton, *nor those common to both, which makes the Queen inexorable.* ——— *You* understand me, *when I tell you, that there are certainly* [some others] *she far more deeply* resents. *And she hate the Earl of* Essex *rather the less for the Attempts attributed to his Ambi-*

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tion, than his Ingagements with Me. But, Madam, Replies the *Countess of* Nottingham, willing to find out the Mystery of their Love, she was as yet Ignorant of, *If you thought the Queen would oppose it, or be unsatisfied with it, why did you not quit a Business wherein you were to expect nothing but Crosses? If you were ever in Love,* says the *Countess of* Essex, *You know very well, we have not always our Wits about us, when we are deeply Ingag'd in Affection. However, Madam, when I Married my Lord of* Essex, *I did not know the Queen was so much* Concern'd for him. *Perhaps, Answers the Countess* of Nottingham, *I might do you some Service, were I throughly Acquainted with the particular Passages between my Lord of* Essex *and* You. *I am not in a very fit Disposition to Discourse You Madam says the Countess of* Essex, *But if I could by any Confidence, Prevail with you to do something in our Behalf, I would give you*

an Account of all you Desire. I will not promise you I shall certainly prevail with the Queen--- But, Madam, (adds the cunning Countess of *Nottingham*) *I will use my Interest and perhaps, Effect more than we have reason to hope for.– Have a good Heart Madam, do not despair; The Queen is Good, and I will Zealously Serve you when I am* Instructed *what Course to take,*

The Countess of *Essex* yielding to the Perswasions of her bitterest Enemy, dry'd up her Tears; and after a short pause, spoke to this purpose.

MY Mother died very Young leaving no Child but me My Father's Offices obliging him to a constant attendance at Court, he committed the Care of my Infancy to a Sister of his that was settled about a Hundred Miles from *London*. He could not at that Distance see me so often as he would, so that

that when I came to Fourteen Years of Age, he thought by disposing me in Marriage, to bring me nearer him.

The Earl of *Rutland* had but one Son, and the intimate Friendship between my Father and him, induc'd them to think of a stricter Alliance. Our Fortunes were equal; and the Earl of *Rutland's* Son being return'd out of *Italy*, his Father acquainted him with his Design of Marrying him, His Affection was no way engag'd to the Contrary: And the Business was agreed on without my Knowledge, who was look'd upon as too Young to be Consulted with, in a Cause of that Nature. Yet, Madam, my Heart was sensible so early, and capable of Discerning between Person and Person; and made it appear by experience, Obedience and Affection do not always agree.

The *Equipage* of the Young Gentleman was no sooner ready,

but he came where I was. Being not in Love, nor expecting much Pleasure in waiting on a Mistress he had never seen, and was represented to him as a Child, he Pray'd *Three* of his Friends to Honour his Nuptial with their Presence. The Earl of *Essex*, was one of them. When they Arrived, my Looks were *divided* between several Men, all much of an Age, and alike unknown to me. I knew well enough the Earl of *Rutland*'s Son was design'd my Husband; and I presently Wish'd he were the Man whom I afterwards knew to be the *Earl* of *Essex*; at the first sight of whom all my trouble for being Married so Young was presently over. He was the first that spoke to me, and lookt on me more earnestly than any of the others. This made me believe it was as I Wish'd. But I was sadly *Undeceiv'd*, when the Young *Earl* of *Rutland* was Presented to me. I Blush'd and Sigh'd, not

knowing

knowing the *Cause*. The Earl of *Essex* did also the like; his Eyes went still in Search of me; and I was not reserv'd enough to Avoid them. The Trouble I appear'd in was attributed to the Innocence of my Age; and I quickly learnt to take *Care* to hide it,

Our Parents being Arriv'd, We were *Married*, without being ask'd by them, if we were Willing. The Earl of Rutland's Son Appear'd Pleas'd with his Fortune, and perhaps found me more Amiable than he expected. I, Madam, was so in Love with the Earl of *Essex*, all I could do, was not to Hate my Husband. Yet I had the *good* Luck my Kindness for my *Lord* of *Essex* was not so much as suspected.

'Twas believ'd, I was then sensible of no other Pleasures, but what *Children* Delight in; but no Age is a *Stranger* to *Love*. I quickly *knew* what it was to *have* a Kindness; and soon *Complain'd* the Li-

berty of my Inclination had been usurp'd upon I had little joy in being so far Mistress of my self, as to wish I could love my Husband, and endeavour it, and to have an Indifference for the Earl of *Essex*, for all my Efforts to that purpose were vain.

The first Resolution I took, was to avoid the Sight of a Man, who could only contribute to make me more Unhappy. And when he had taken his leave, with the rest of my Lord of Rutland's Friends, I pray'd my Father to spare my Youth for some time, and not to expose me so early to the Court, where I never had been; My Desire was Granted; and when my Father return'd for *London*, to Satisfy me, they took me to *Rutland*.

But the Course I took, produc'd not the Effect I propos'd. The Idea of the Earl of *Essex* accompanied me in my Solitude. And my Father-in-Law being Dead, we were forc'd

forc'd to go to *London*, after a Year's ſtay in the Country.

I trembled to think I ſhould ſee the E. of *Eſſex* again, and reſolv'd with my ſelf I would be the moſt retir'd *Perſon* on *Earth*, to avoid all Occaſions of meeting him: When News was brought me, he was gone with the Earl of *Leiceſter* into the *Low-Countries*, the *Queen* receiv'd me with that Kindneſs ſhe uſually expreſſes to thoſe She intends to Honour. I admir'd her Merit, and the Pleaſure to ſee my ſelf reſpected by her, ſuſpended a while my ſecret Inquietudes.

But within leſs than half a Year my Father died, ſoon after my Husband: I was much afflicted at theſe Loſſes: I bewailed my Father's Death a long time: And if I had not for my Husband that great Kindneſs, which is very ſeldom met with in *Marriages*, of Obedience, my Reaſon, and his Complaiſance, had forc'd me to eſteem

him, and to expreſs *Acknowledgements* ſincere enough, to ſave me the Trouble of any juſt Reproach from my ſelf, or any other.

The *Queen* having told me, She deſir'd to have me near her, I quitted my Houſe for an Appartment in this Palace; and my Fortune, which was very conſiderable, gave me ſuch *Charms*, as drew about me a Number of Suitors, who pretended a mighty Kindneſs for me; but were really rather a Trouble than Pleaſure to me.

In this *Condition* was I, when the Earl of *Eſſex* return'd to *London*. The Queen's Army had been Victorious, and She order'd a publick Thankſgiving when the Generals arriv'd. I waited on her to St. *Paul's*; and had not the Power by any *Conſideration*, to be ſo reſerv'd, as not to ſingle out from all the Nobility in the Kingdom, the Earl of *Eſſex* alone, to fix my Eyes on.

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The Morrow he was one of the first to wait on the *Queen*. I was with her before; and was mov'd at the Sight of him. We lookt on one another several Times with equal *Concern*. *Madam*, cry'd he, as soon as he could speak to me, *I have not had a Moment's Liberty to signify to you, how great a Share I bear in your Losses*. I *believe*, answer'd I, *You are sorry for my Misfortune*. *'Tis Natural for every One to be concern'd for such a Person as you are*, adds he, *but*, *Madam*, I *am much more concern'd than any other*.

The *Queen* interrupted us; but in all the Respects the Earl of *Essex* paid Her, I could not but observe his Eye was toward me. I confess I was glad to see him so *Eager*, and perhaps I answer'd him a little too soon; but I was young, tender, and independent. His Merits were then extraordinary, and he had the Advantage of my first Inclination.

He came the same Day to see me

in my Appartment, and fail'd not to do it constantly afterwards. All his Actions perswaded me at length that he lov'd me; and it was not long e'er he let me know it.

Madam, said he one Evening, having brought me to my *Chamber*, after I had left the *Queen*, Do you remember the *time* we accompany'd the *Earl of Rutland* to your *Country House*? I have not forgot, Sir, *answer'd* I, that you were one of *them* that did him that Honour. Is that all you remember of it? *adds he*, *Did you observe nothing in my Eyes worthy your Notice?* And was it possible you should inspire into me so much Love, without feeling the Power of it yourself? The *Friendship* I had for the E. of *Rutland*, and the *Progress* he had made, prevented my speaking of it. Yet *Time* and *Absence* have but increas'd my *Passion*; and I protest sincerely, from the first Moment I saw you, my Heart was never affected with any but your self.

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A Discourse of this Nature may perhaps, be thought unsuitable to the Condition I was then in; who Mourned for a *Father* and a *Husband*; yet I had not the Power to be offended with it: The Earl of *Essex* assur'd me, I had gain'd his Affection; I was willing to gain his, and I car'd for no more.

You will give me leave, *Madam*, to pass over my *Answers*; and tell you only, the Earl of *Essex* was very well satisfied with them; that we then settled the *Correspondence* we have so long maintain'd; and that we found Occasions and Opportunities to Pollish and Perfect it.

Thus far you see me *Ignorant* of the *Queen's* Inclinations: I, as well as others, attribute the Favour we saw the Earl of *Essex* was in, to his Services, and his *Dexterity* in setting them out to *Advantage*. But in *time* I perceiv'd my *Mistake*; and, as reserv'd as the *Queen* was, found

out

out the *Mystery*, and tremble at the *Discovery*.

The Earl of *Essex* had an elevated *Soul*, and capable of Greatness. Ambition might Rob me of him; and I was willing to fortify *my self* against all *Misfortanes*, and to reserve only an Esteem for him. But what Hopes of doing that now, which all my Reason, and two Years Marriage had not effected?

At last, Jealousy succeeded my Fears; and I began to believe, the Respect the Earl of *Essex* had for the Queen, might proceed from a secret Affection. I fretted at this, and griev'd at the Heart. The *Earl* perceiv'd it, and solicited me long to tell him the *Cause*. I refus'd as long as I was able. *I am Jealous*, said I to him at last, with a little Heat, *and afraid I should lose your Affection. 'Tis not an Unhappiness*, said he, *to see you love me so, as to doubt of me: But there is no Cause to question my faithfulness, who never*

Lov'd any but you. The Qu. Loves you, cry'd I, *and her Kindness for you, with the advantage of her grandeur, may be dangerous Temptations to your Perseverance. The Qu. Love me, Madam!* Replies he, *How you Interpret Her Accustomed and Ordinary Bounty; which hath perhaps, too Generously recompenced my Services beyond their Merits? She is too Haughty, and too great a Mistress of herself, to fall into such a Weakness. You know what Illustrious Alliances She hath slighted; and are to believe she's above the Reach of Love. There is not a Monarch upon the Earth, but I would prefer you before Him*, cry'd I, *and Measuring the Queen's Affection by mine, I am easily Perswaded, she may do so too; her Eye is always upon you, maugre all her precautions and is never else satisfied, and I have observ'd some Sighs from Her which a Heart concern'd as mine cannot hear without Trouble. I did not till now know how happy I was*, says he E.

of *Essex*, but your Jealousy makes me Sensible of it. Yet, Madam, give me leave to assure you, you have no Cause of it. Were the Qu. Weak, as you imagine ; did she offer me her Crown and her Kindness, I would, by my Refusal, let you see, tho' I have *Ambition*, my *Love* for you infinitely *exceeds* it. To satisfy you of your *mistake*, allow me to *procure* her Consent to our *Marriage*. You have Mourned sufficiently to avoid all Imputations of *Indecency*. It is in your Power to make me the *happiest* of Men, and to clear the Doubts you have of my Faithfulness.

I was far from opposing the Proposal he made, and I was not fully convinc'd the *Queen* was in Love with him ; yet, I thought if she was he knew it not.

To let you see, adds he, I will not Conceal from you, any Kindness the Queen hath exprest for me, I declare I sacrifice to you one of the Handsomest Ladies of the Court who hath a thousand Ways invited my Love.

I preſt him to let me know her Name, but he Conjur'd me to be Satisfied with what he had ſaid; and not to force him to any further Indiſcretion, I gave over preſſing him.

["The Counteſs of *Nottingham* "Bluſh'd at this part of the Diſ- "courſe, having Reaſon to Believe "her ſelf the Perſon intended. She "Hated him the more for't; but "had the Command of her ſelf, "not to Interrupt the Counteſs "of *Eſſex*, who proceeded in her "Story.]

This Freedom of the Earl put an end to my Suſpicions. I left him to take his Time for ſpeaking to the Queen; When he went to Thank her for the Government of *Ireland* beſtow'd on him, he returned to me with a Tranſport of Joy, to tell me, *The Queen had not only Conſented to his Deſires, but intened to make the Earl of* Leiceſter

King

King of England. This quieted my Spirit, and made me acknowledge, I had no Cause to be Jealous.

We spent some Days with a great deal of Pleasure; but were Cruelly interrupted by the Order the Earl of *Essex* received to go into *France*, to Command the Forces the *Queen* sent in Aid of that King. I had not time to express my Grief to him, or to be a Witness of his: We parted in Haste; and then it was I repented I'd Believe him: and that the Queen's Coldness towards me *Convinc'd* me of the Truth of my former Suspicion; and that her sending away the Earl of *Essex*, was but to Remove him from me.

I left the *Court* as soon as I could with Decency ask the Qu. Leave, to Retire into a House of my Father's, about fifty Miles from *London*— I will not tell you how I was Allarm'd at the News of the *Earl of Essex*'s his Death, in his Return,

turn from *Spain*, nor how we Writ to one another, in his Absence. I was ready to Dye for Grief, when he arriv'd at my House more Respectful, and more Amorous than he had ever appear'd.

He would have put me out of my Opinion concerning the Qu. but I severely maintain'd it True; and, when I had *Convinc'd* him of it, he offer'd to leave *England*, if I would Name a Place, where we might Live quietly. I had then Affection enough to incline me to *Consent* to this Proposal; but *Considering* it Unjust in me to spoil the Progress of his Good Fortune, and put a Period to his Hopes, by an unexcusable Retreat, I told him it was Impossible: And ushering with a Sigh the Advice I was going to give him, *Forget me Sir*, said *I*, *for I see your Fate will force you to it. The Queen will still cross Us, and never want Pretence to separate Us: 'Tis better breaking off an Engagement,*

that suits not with your Affairs. Nothing in the World can be a greater Misfortune to me; but I will submit to it, if it be for your Good. You suspect me of Indifference (said he interrupting me) *and you have the Cruelty to advise me to it. Did you Love me more, you would Know me better: And, were I capable of doing an Unjust thing, I believe you would exhort me to forget you, for no other Cause, but that you might think of me no more. But, Madam, to shorten our Discourse, and our Doubt which almost makes me Mad, Believe it, I Love you above all things in the World; there is a sure and easy way to satisfy you of it; You are not willing to go with me out of* England; *and yet you are still afraid of the Queen. Let us Marry Privately, and Conceal it till we see a more favourable time, this will Frustrate the Queen's Design to our Prejudice; you will no longer Doubt of my Affection; and if the Business be discover'd*

'tis but flying out of the Reach of the Resentments we fear.

I was strangely mov'd at this Discourse; every thing oblig'd me to believe him. Yet considering it would reflect upon my Reputation to be privately Married, I was afraid to consent. The Earl complain'd of me; I cry'd: *LOVE* was our Arbitrator, and decided the Controversy in his Favour. After long Resistance, I agreed to a private *Marriage*, on *Condition* the Earl would go for *London* on the Morrow; and appear disengag'd to the *Queen* from all the Kindness he had for me. We agreed to be Married at the Earl of *Southampton*'s, his particular Friend; where I was to stay, while he went for *London*. Thus we parted. He took *London* Road, I went for *Southampton*, attended by *Tracy*, snd a Domestick of the Earl of *Essex*'s, in whom

whom he repos'd an entire Confidence.

As the *Earl* was on the Road, he had Leisure to consider what Measures to take. My Ld. *Southampton* came to receive me at his House; where the the E. of *Essex* arriv'd soon after he had obtain'd Leave from the Queen to absent himself for a few Days.

We are now come to the *Instant* that usher'd in our *Crosses*. We were *married* in the *Presence* of my Ld. *Southampton*, *Tracy*, and some *Women* of mine, and a *Kinsman* of the Earl of *Essex*. He gave me an Account how the *Queen* had receiv'd him; and began to confess, he believ'd she lov'd him.

He staid but six Days at *Southampton*, in which time we agreed what Course to take.

I was too far from *London* to see the Earl often, without discovering our *Correspondence*. And nothing seem'd more proper to con-

ceal it than a House he had within few *Miles* of *London*, on the *Thames* side: It stood alone, and was strong enough to prevent a Surprize. Having settled my Affairs, I was conducted thither by my Ld. *Southampton* and *Tracy*, while the *Earl* of *Essex* return'd for *London*.

Nothing could be more *pleasant* than the *Solitude* I was in. My Lord of *Essex* came to see me every Day: And I spent there two Years without a Moment's Trouble. At last, an Accident happen'd that miserably perplex'd us.

The E. of *Essex* had abundance of Enemies who malign'd him; and for all his Caution, they observed his extraordinary Assiduity for the House I was in. They told the Queen of it. She was disturb'd at it; more perhaps, for the Suspicion she had of some private Gallanty of his there, than for those Matters they would have possest her with.

I gave her no Trouble: The Earl's Dis-engagement with my pretended Journey into *France*, had secur'd her as to me. Yet she was resolv'd to go see whether the Earl frequented the House only for the Pleasure of the Place, or some hidden Cause.

One Day, as the *Earl* was with her, she gave Orders, her ordinary Retinue should be ready to wait on her, *I have long had a Mind to see your Country-House*, says She to the Earl; *I have had a very pleasant Description of it: The Weather is fair, and I believe a Walk so far may do me Good.*

You may imagine the Fears this put the Earl in: He durst not openly oppose her Design; but endeavour'd to divert her, by saying, *His House deserv'd not the Pains she would take in going so far.*

When he saw her resolv'd upon it, he beg'd Leave to go before, to put things in order for her Reception.

tion. *No*, [says she] *you shall be my Guide: There's no Need of Preparation.*

The Earl at these Words trembled for me. He was depriv'd of all means of Precaution; and the Concern he appear'd in, made the Queen more Curious.

Imagine what a Trouble he was in by the Way, and how often he wisht something might hinder their Arrival. But Fortune favour'd the *Queen's* Designs so far, that they came safe to the House; and She would presently go and see the Lodgings. The Earl astonish'd, gave her his Hand. The Chamber us'd, was the best of the House; and the first the Queen staid at: The *Earl* seeing no Remedy, steps to the Door, which he found open, contrary to Custom, and was pleasingly surpriz'd, to find only *Tracy* there, sleeping, or rather pretending to sleep, on a Couch. He was quickly awak'd; and having ex-

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preſt his Surprize, and Reſpect, immediately withdrew.

The Earl of *Eſſex*, who thought him at *London*, began to take Heart, fancying his good *Genius* had reveal'd the Adventure to *Tracy*. — But a new Trouble aroſe; my Picture hung in the ſame Room, under a Curtain. The Queen ask'd *If it was not the Earl's?* He anſwer'd, with ſome Trouble, *It was not*. The Queen drew the *Curtain*, and ſaw herſelf Drawn at length, where the Earl thought my Picture would appear. Then it was he was perſwaded the Faithful *Tracy* had an Intimation of the Journey.

The Queen expreſt much Joy to ſee her Picture in the Earl's Chamber.

From the Houſe ſhe went into the Garden; took a ſhort *Repaſt*, during which, *Tracy* found the *Opportunity* to whiſper the Earl, *He need not trouble himſelf*. — and re-

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turn'd to *London* without the least Suspicion.

Thus Matters pass'd on their Sides. As to ours, the very Instant the Queen told the Earl of *Essex*, *she would see his House*, the *Earl of Southampton* was at her *Chamber-Door*. *You are come in good Time, to go with the* Queen *to the Earl of* Essex's, says the Officer who was going to provide the Equipage.

The *Earl* of *Southampton* by these few Words, quickly discover'd the Storm that threatned his Friend: And to provide a Remedy: *I am not very well*, said he to the Officer, *perhaps the* Queen *may command me to wait on her; I will not go into her Presence. Pray let her not know you have seen me.* The Officer promis'd she should not; and *Southampton* hasten'd to the Earl of *Essex's*, to tell *Tracy*; who immediately took the best Horse his Master had; and rode so fast, that he was with me before the Queen left *London*,

I was not a little troubled at the News. *Tracy* hid me and my Women, in a Quarter, where was no likelyhood of our being discover'd, and then chang'd the Queen's Picture for mine.

That Evening the *Earl* of *Essex* came to see me, and gave me an Account of the *Tortures* he had that Day endur'd for me; and how *Southampton* and *Tracy* deliver'd him out of them.

The *Irish* rebell'd; I lay in at that time. The *Earl* of *Essex*, who lov'd me no less than his Glory, had within himself desperate Conflicts. His Duty prevail'd: He desir'd he might command the Army, the *Queen* granted it; and the same time declar'd her *Affection* for him; which I was before but too well assur'd of. She gave him abundance of very kind Expressions and (to confirm the *Truth* of them) a Ring, which still leaves the poor *Earl* of *Essex* some Hopes.

He was sufficiently prepared to manage the Queen : And you see, by this time, Madam, whether he was not under a necessity of some Dissimulation.

He gave me a faithful Account of all that pass'd between 'em ; and being fearful for me in his absence, he resolv'd to remove me, and to go himself out of *England*, if Matters were discover'd.

This put him in Search of some Places of Refuge : The King of *Scots* promis'd him among others, the Palace of *Dimburg*. The Earl of *Tyrone* made him many Proposals ; but *certain* it is, he never hearken'd to any of them.

I was weak when he left me, and obliig'd to recover a little Strength, before I would undertake a Voyage for *Scotland*.

I was on my way, Fortune stay'd me, the Earl of *Essex* was *Charg'd* with several Matters ; and the Queen prepossest by our Enemies,

took our innocent Precautions for Crimes.

At last, Madam, the *Earl* was forc'd to come and shut himself up in the place where I was; and was resolv'd to perish in defence of me.

You know what follow'd, Consider the Frights I was in, amidst so much Trouble and Blood I saw every Day spilt.

The *Earl* conjur'd me incessantly to quit a place where he could not make any long Defence, in Opposition to so many Forces, as were imploy'd to take it.

I exhorted him to yeild, and implore the Queen's Goodness. He Protested, *He would never do it, till I was in a place of Safety.*

Thus was I forc'd to leave him, and go for *Dimbourgh*. The faithful *Tracy*, who should have conducted me thither, had perish'd already in maintaining the Interest of his Master.

The *Earl* of *Essex* committed me

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to the *Charge* of one of his Kinsmen; they forc'd me out of his Arms, to put me on board a Boat that waited for us on the *Thames*, and was to carry us to the place where our *Convoy* atended us.

My Fears, and my Grief put me into a Fever: This staid me *some* Days, at a little Village, where I had News *of* the *Earl's* Imprisonment, and the Queen's Resolution to Ruin him.

The Extremity of my Despair put me on the Resolution of Presenting my self to the Queen, and endeavouring to obtain some Favour by an ingenious *Confession*; but Madam, you know, I found in her no Disposition to Pardon us.

My *Conduct* hath produc'd a terrible effect; And I may justly Reproach my self, to have been the *Cause* of all my Lord of *Essex*'s Misfortunes.

This Discourse ended in Tears. The *Countess* of *Nottingham* took small care to stop them: She was too much concern'd in more than one part of the Story, which heightened her Fury: And leaving the *Countess* of *Essex* to the Horrour of Despair, she returned to the Queen, whom she found almost drown'd in hers. She us'd all her Art to revive the Queen's Anger; and by her *Cruel* Address, effected her Design; without saying a word directly against the Criminal.

Cecil and she, were Tormented to see the *Execution* delay'd.

What shall we do, Madam, says he to her, if the *Queen*, in the very heighth of her Anger, will not give way that Justice be done. What are we to expect when her Anger is over? What are we not to fear from her Love if it once get the Mastery of a Heart as hers is? 'Tis no where so Imperious, no where so absolute, *and I very much doubt whether all*

our

our Caution can prevent the ill effects of it. In a word, condemn'd as the E. of Essex *is, by an august Assembly, 'tis possible he may recover his former Favour with the* Queen, *and utterly ruin us, as soon as he sets* footing *at* Court. *I shall stir my self a little e'er that comes to pass* (says the Countess of *Nott. ngham*) *I have the* Queen's *Ear* :-- *And I know how to speak; I am not suspected; nor am I a stranger to the secrets of the one or the other: Yet we are not to flatter our selves, the Earl of* Essex *is Master of his Fortune; if he Petition, the Queen will not have Power to deny him.* -- *he hath a* Pledge, *which gives him an absolute Power over Her: But, Thanks to his Pride he will not make use of it; besides, whom can he employ in an Affair of this Nature, but we can easily corrupt? I will not leave the Queen; and I'll pawn my Life, I'll secure all with her. Do your Part, and let's not be Jar, riz'd.*

Cecil knew the Countess of *Nottingham* too well to doubt of what she said; he parted better satisfied, and thought of nothing but what flatter'd their common Hatred against *Essex*.

The Queen had a very ill Night, tormented equally with Sickness and Trouble. She consider'd the Unfaithfulness of the *Earl* of *Essex*; his Plotting against her Authority, his private Marriage, his giving himself wholly up to the Pleasures of it, while he pretended to be entirely at her Devotion, and his Pride in the Depth of Misfortunes.

She thought sometimes these Reflections strong enough to enable her to see him Dye. But presently the pleasant *Idea* of him she wou'd destroy, his *Merit*, his *Services*, and the *Natural Inclination* she had for him, inspir'd her again with more gentle Resolution. She thought it better to see him a Criminal, than never

never see him more. The *Thoughts* of his *Execution* put her almost besides herself, tho' it was in her Power to prevent it.

The *Countess* of *Nottingham* was as wakeful as the Queen, tho' for very different Reasons; and waiting on her in the Morning as usual, *You find me in a lamentable Condition*, says the Queen, *and if you help not to comfort me, I shall not be able to endure it much longer. The Wretch who causeth me all this Trouble, is always before my Eyes, in the most pitiful Condition imaginable. Is it possible I should do nothing for him in such an Extremity? Shall I permit him to perish, as if I do not value him more than another, when I have declar'd to him, I lov'd him? Shall I reproach my self one Day with Cruelty, to have forsaken him when it was in my Power to save him? What your Majesty shall be pleas'd to do in his Favour*, replies the *Countess* of *Nottingham*, will

be

be the more Generous, for that he hath not solicited it; if he petition'd, your Bounty would be look'd upon as an Effect of your Pity, and his Submission: But now it will proceed purely from your Goodness.

These Words effected partly what she aim'd at. The Queen blush'd, and was silent a while.

It must be confess'd (proceeds she) *That to do all for him, without putting him to the cost of one Sign of Repentance, is to approve of his Pride, and incourage him to carry it on to the highest Extremities. He would have my kindness do all; and, without any Reflection on the Outrages he hath done me, he believes I shall think my self too happy in holding the Executioner's Hand. Never doubt, Madam,* (says the *Countess*) *but he makes account to triumph still over that Goodness your Majesty hath always made appear towards him. Had he been carried from* Westminster *to the Scaffold; had you giv'n him a Sight of*

that

that scene of Death, and Pardon'd Southampton, *without Respiting the other's Execution, he'd ha' been glad to make use of any Means in his Power to move you to Mercy. But he knows the Power he hath over You; and pretends, that by receiving a Pardon He vouchsafes not to Petition for, all the World will believe him innocent. But Madam, if Matters be carried on thus, What will be thought of the Justice of the Kingdom? what will the World judge of your Majesty? There is not a Person ignorant of this Adventure; and if the Earl of* Essex, *without acknowledging his Crimes, sees Him self at Liberty; will it not be said,* That *England* is Govern'd by a Queen not so discreet as Fame reports her to be?

At this *Cecil* arriv'd & fortify'd extreamly the Countess of *Nottingham's* Party; he seconded her with all the Art of a cruel *Eloquence* to perswade the Queen *she was concern'd in Honour the Earl of* Essex *should Die.*

The

The Queen in a Pet, consented he should be *Executed* suddenly; and *Cecil* lost no time, in carrying Her Orders to those who were to be Actors in the *Execution*.

The *Earl* of *Essex*, as the Countess of *Nottingham* had shrewdly guess'd, had no Thoughts of Petitioning for a Favour, which, in all probability, the Queen's Kindness would of it self freely grant him. But when he saw himself on the point of being carry'd to the Place of *Execution*, he thought it his Duty not to neglect the Medicines he had in his power, to bring about the Queen. Then he resolv'd to implore Her Mercy, and put her in mind of her Promises and Oaths. And knowing the Countess of *Nottingham* was her Favourite and Confident; though he had Cause to believe, she had no great Kindness for him, he was perswaded she might have Generosity enough to serve him in this important Mediation. He

He sent to desire the Favour of a Visit from her. The Countess impatient to know the Cause, went directly to him, without acquainting the Queen.

Who but a *Barbarian*, could have seen the *Earl* of *Essex*'s Person, and at the same time know his Misfortune, without being melted into Compassion? Yet the Countess of *Nottingham*, at the sight of him, was all *Cruelty* and Revenge; but, feigning some sweetness, she gave him a way to declare himself thus,

Can you Madam, pardon the most unfortunate of Men, the Trouble he gives you, at a time when he hath no Cause to flatter himself you have any remains of Kindness for him? yet nothing can be now of a greater Advantage to me, than your Protection. I know the Power you have over the Qu. and wou'd you be pleas'd to joyn it to my Sorrow and Repentance for having offended her, I doubt not but we may prevail much. Tell Her then

Madam,

Madam, continues he, putting his knee to the Ground, *That you have seen me in this suppliant Posture, full of Grief for having deserv'd her Hatred. Restore her this* **Ring**, *which I have kept; and intreat her to Remember the promises she made when she gave it Me. I beg my Life by this* **Pledge**, *and she cannot deny it Me, without forgetting her* Oaths. *I can no longer look on Life as a thing pleasant to me; but a miserable Wife, and the Interest of a Son, press me to continue it as long a I can. I cannot think the Innocence of the one, nor the Infancy of the other, needs my Justification: The Favour to be begg'd of the Queen, is for me alone.*

The *Countess* of *Nottingham* was transported with Joy to see the *Earl* trust her with the *Ring*, which had so many times Allarm'd her, and whose Power *Cecil* was still afraid of. She frankly Promis'd what she had not the least Intent to do for the *E. of Essex*, *added feign'd tears to*

her

her *false* Promises, and assur'd him she would directly go use her utmost Interest with the *Queen* in his Favour.

But instead of going to the *Queen* to give her an account of her *Visit*, she went to *Cecil*, who waited for her, prais'd her Cruelty, and had the Pleasure to *see in his Power*, the sole Obstacle against *Essex's* Death. They went together to the *Queen*, who asking, How *Essex* receiv'd her last Orders?

He was *never* observ'd so haughty, *Madam*, answers *Cecil*, he cannot prevail with himself to shew the *least sign of Repentance*. He thinks of nothing but his *Wife*, and *She* is the whole Subject of his *Discourse* to those who go to him. Let him Die then, let him Perish, (says the *Queen*, very angry) since he will have it so. Let me be eas'd of the tormenting *Uncertainties* and *Disquiets* I am under. — I am no longer against his *Execution*.

This

This zealous Minister was unwilling to leave the Queen the least Time of *Reflection*. And while the Earl of *Essex* was in Expectation of the Effect of the Promises of the unfaithful Countess of *Nottingham*, Provision was made for his Execution in the Tower, to avoid a Rebellion among the People, who lov'd him.

His Soul was naturally Great, and discover'd not the least Weakness in the last Extremity.

Never did Man go to his Death with more *Constancy* and *Firmness*, he did not murmur in the least, against the Queen; tho' he might have reproach'd her with Promises. He mounted the *Scaffold* resolutely, undress'd himself, recommend-ed his Family to those about him; and having drawn Tears from all Eyes that were Spectators of that last Act of his Life, he receiv'd his Death, without so much as giving leave his *Eyes* should be cover'd.

Thus

Thus dy'd this famous Favourite of Queen *Elizabeth*; one of the best qualified Men in the World, and a Man who had been too Happy, had not *LOVE* had too great a Power over him.

Soon after the Queen had consented he should be Executed, she relaps'd into her former Irresolutions, and, after a sharp Conflict within herself, she resolv'd to pardon him; and sent an Officer of her Guards to forbid their proceeding further; but it was too late, *Cecil* had foreseen what might happen, and cruelly provided against the Effects of her Relapse into former Kindness. The Earl of *Essex* was already executed; and that was the *Answer* he carry'd the Queen.

Then it was she lost her ordinary Moderation; then her Grief broke out publickly.

Cecil, says she, *What Mischief has your barbarous Zeal and Impatience done me!*

With

With that she burst out into Tears, and would not endure the Caresses or Comforts of any about her.

While the Queen abhorr'd herself for the Orders her Anger had given *Cecil*, who had so faithfully caus'd them to be executed, enjoy'd the Pleasure of having procur'd them: And, the Countess of *Nottingham* triumph'd in herself, for the Revenge She had taken of One who had all along slighted her Charms.

'Tis impossible to express the *Grief* of the Countess of *Essex*; the most stony Hearts had *Tears* for her. The Queen, whose Anger was Dead with the *Earl*, sent to comfort her, and assure her, she was at her Liberty, and might dispose of her Husband's Estate.

Let her take my Life, and keep her Pity to herself, says the mourning Countess to the *Queen's Messenger*, *She hath robb'd me of all that made*

my

my Life dear unto me, and 'tis not in her Power to repair the Mischief she hath done me.

The Earl of *Essex's* his Friends finding her at present incapable of Comfort, even from them whom she esteem'd highly, for their Love to the Earl, took her from *London*, in Hopes that Time might make her Susceptible of that Consolation, which the Violence of her present Sorrows render'd altogether vain.

As for the Queen, she languish'd out the Rest of her Life: The only Comfort she had, was to think the Earl of *Essex* had slighted Her to his Death, and never made her any Submission.

The Countess of *Nottingham* had but small Joy of her Faithless Life. A violent Malady seized her, and made her sensible of the Horrours of Death: Remorse of Conscience tormented her; the Ghost of the late Earl of *Essex*, whose Death her

her Cruelty occasion'd, seem'd to Haunt her incessantly. And being at the point of Death, she could not depart, without acknowledging her Crime to the Queen. Having begg'd one Moment's Audience, she Confest all that had pass'd between the Earl of *Essex* and her, the Love she had for him, the Implacable Hatred that succeeded it, and her Perfidiousness in keeping the Ring he had trusted her with. With that she presented the Ring to the Queen, who was ready to dye at the Receiving it, and was wittish very little of making the Dying Countess feel the Violence of her Resentment.

Wretch! cryes she, with Looks full of Indignation, *what Remorse hast thou expos'd me to! Whether Heaven will pardon thy Crimes, I know not; sure I am, I shall never forget them.*

Having thus said, the Queen went

out

out, and the Countess in few Hours Dyed.

This prov'd a Mortal Blow to the Queen's Health; who not long after dyed Uncomforted for the Earl of *Essex*.

Cecil had Lov'd the Countess of *Nottingham* too well to be so easily *Comforted* for hers.

By the Death of Queen *Elizabeth*, the *Crown* of *England* pass'd into the Illustrious House of the Stuarts, whose Right it was. And King *James*, after a Glorious Reign, left it to his Posterity, for the Repose of his Kingdom.

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